Enter Nim, Piſtoll, Bardolfe, Hoſter, and a boy.

Hoſt. I prethee ſweet heart,
Let me bring thee ſo farre as *Staines*.
Piſt. No fur, no fur.
Bar. Well, ſir *Iohn* is gone, God be with him.
Hoſt. I, he is in *Arthors* boſome, if euer any were,
He went away as if it were a cryſombd childe,
Betweene twelue and one,
Iuſt at turning of the tide;
His noſe was as ſharpe as a pen;
For when I ſaw him fumble with the ſheets,
And talke of flowers, and ſmile vpon his fingers ends,
I knew there was no way but one.
How now ſir *Iohn*, quoth I?
And he cryed three times, God, God, God,
Now I to comfort him, bad him not thinke of God,
I hope there was no ſuch need.
Then he bad me put more cloathes on his feete,
And I felt to them, and they were as cold as any ſtone,
And to his knees, and they were as cold as any ſtone.
And ſo vpward, & vpward, and all was as cold as ſtone.
Nim. They ſay he cride out on Sacke.
Hoſt. I that he did.
Boy. And of women.
Hoſt. No that he did not.
Boy. Yes that he did, & ſed they were diuels incarnate.
Hoſt. Indeed carnation was a colour he neuer loued.
Nim. Well, he did cry out on women.
Hoſt. Indeed he did in ſome ſort handle women
But then he was rumaticke,
And talkt of the whore of Babilon.
Boy. Hoſtes, do you remember he ſaw a Flea ſtand
Vpon *Bardolfes* noſe, and ſed it was a blacke ſoule
Burning in hell?

Bard.

Bar. Well, God be with him,
That was all the wealth I got in his ſeruice.
Nim. Shall we ſhog off?
The king will be gone from *Southampton*.
Piſt. Cleare vp thy criſtals,
Looke to my chattels and my moueables;
Truſt none; the word is pitch and pay:
Mens words are wafer cakes,
And hold faſt is the onely dog my deare.
Therefore cophetua be thy counſellor,
Touch her ſoft lips and part.
Bar. Farewell hoſteſſe.
Nim. I cannot kis, and theres the humor of it.
But adieu.
Piſt. Keepe faſt thy buggle boe.

Exit omnes.

Enter King of France, Bourbon, Dolphin, and others.

King. Now you Lords of *Orleance*,
Of *Bourbon*, and of *Berry*,
You ſee the King of England is not ſlacke,
For he is footed on this Land already.
Dolphin. My gracious Lord,
Tis meete we all go foorth,
And arme vs againſt the foe:
And view the weake and ſickly parts of *France*:
But let vs do it with no ſhew of feare,
No with no more, then if we heard
England were troubled with a Morris dance.
For my good Lord, ſhe is ſo idely kingd,
Her ſcepter ſo fantaſtically borne,
So guided by a ſhallow humorous youth,
That feare attends her not.
Con. O peace Prince Dolphin, you deceiue your ſelfe,